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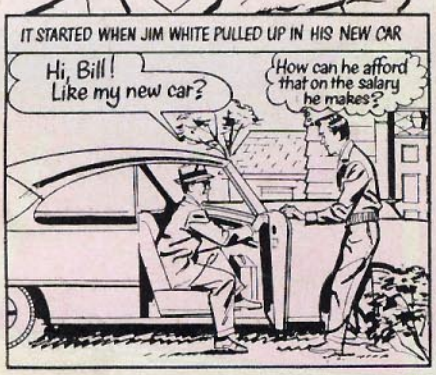
How I Made a Small Fortune In Spare Time!

(WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY)

The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois



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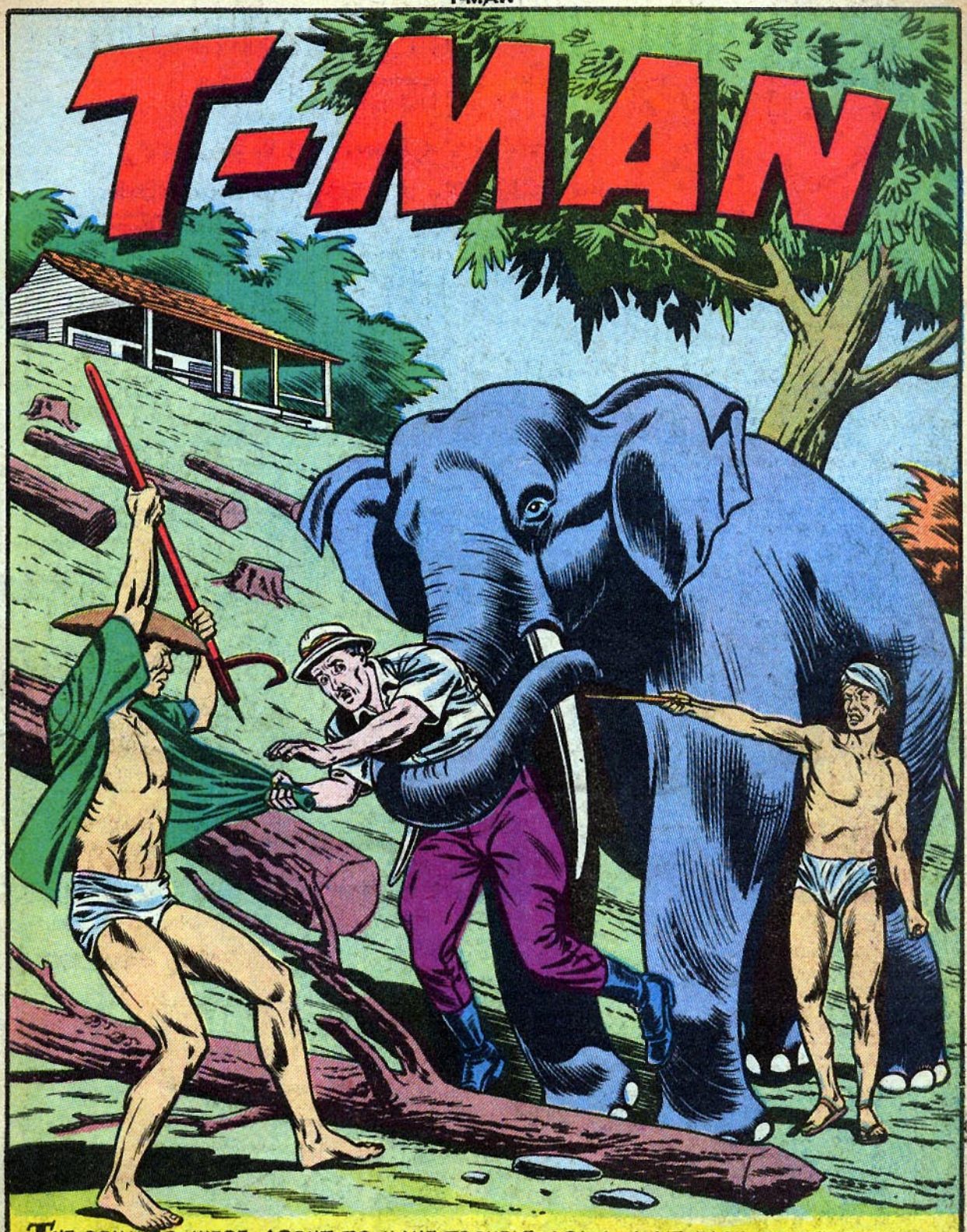
You bet I want to start making a small fortune in spare time! Rush my FREE SELLING OUTFIT with everything I need to start making money my first hour!

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

ober, 1956. No. 37. Published bi-monthly by Comic Magazines, Sparta, Ill. Executive Offices, 578 Summer St., n, Everett M. Arnold, General Manager. Alfred Grenet, Editor. Richard Arnold, Associate Editor. Yearly 6 issues) $.90. Foreign $1.50. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Sparta, Ill., under the Act 879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility material. Advertising Offices, 40 East 40th St., New York 16, N. Y. Copyright 1956 by Comic Magazines. U.S.A.



THE COMMIES WERE ABOUT TO MAKE TROUBLE AGAIN IN THE EAST, SO THE DEPARTMENT PICKED ME TO STOP IT BEFORE IT GOT STARTED! THAT'S LIKE ASKING A GUY TO SNUFF THE FUSE ON A STICK OF DYNAMITE! IT CAN BE DONE...BUT IT TAKES A LOT OF DOING! BUT YOU KNOW ME...TRY-ANYTHING-ONCE TRASK! SO I WENT ALONG FOR THE RIDE WITH... **A RED TICKET TO DANGER!**

I WAS ALL PRIMED FOR TROUBLE WHEN THE CHIEF BRIEFED ME ON MY LATEST ASSIGNMENT!

HERE'S THE SITUATION, PETE! THE U.N. IS SENDING SOME TROOPS TO A CERTAIN EASTERN COUNTRY TO HELP THEM IN CASE OF A RED INVASION!

WE JUST GOT SOME SECRET INFORMATION THAT THE COUNTRY'S LOCAL COMMIES INTEND TO USE THE LANDING OF THE U.N. TROOPS AS AN EXCUSE FOR A REVOLUTIONARY UPRISING!

YOU MEAN THEY'RE GOING TO CREATE SOME KIND OF "INCIDENT"?

RIGHT! THE COMMIES DON'T DARE START AN UPRISING UNTIL THEY HAVE THE PEOPLE ON THEIR SIDE! THEY'RE HOPING THE "INCIDENT" THEY CREATE WILL DO THE TRICK FOR THEM!

GOT ANY IDEAS WHAT THE "INCIDENT" MIGHT BE?

NO! BUT WE'VE HAD ONE OF OUR AGENTS PLANTED IN THAT COUNTRY FOR A MONTH! HE MAY HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU! NOW IT'S UP TO YOU TO PREVENT A REVOLUTION!

YOU ALWAYS GIVE ME THE EASIEST ASSIGNMENTS, CHIEF!

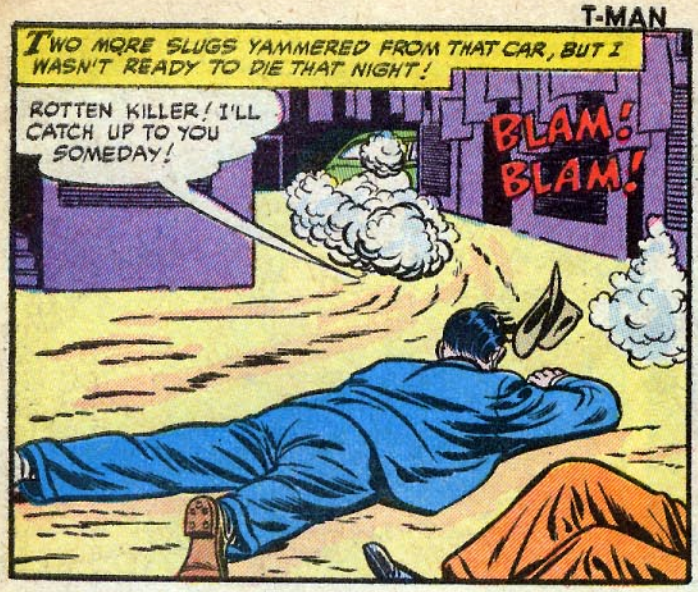
UNTIL THE COLD WAR IS ON ICE, I CAN'T REVEAL THE NAME OF COUNTRY X, BUT IT WAS A MELTING POT OF EASTERN PEOPLE... HINDUS, ARABS, MALAYS, CHINESE, WHITE RUBBER PLANTERS, AND ANY OTHER RACE PASSING BY!

I LOCATED MY CONTACT, NED GRAHAM, IN A LOCAL HONKYTONK CALLED THE "SMOKY GROTTO"!

THERE'S NED! HE'S GOT COMPANY, BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK HAPPY ABOUT IT! I'LL TRY AND CATCH NED'S EYE!

WHEN I DID, NED PRETENDED TO FIDDLE WITH A FLAG BUTTON STUCK IN HIS LAPEL... WHEN SUDDENLY HE TURNED THE FLAG BUTTON UPSIDE DOWN!

A FLAG TURNED UPSIDE DOWN...THE MARITIME DISTRESS SIGNAL! NED FLASHED ME THAT S.O.S. BECAUSE OF THOSE TWO LUGS WITH HIM!
THEY'RE NOT WALKING NED DOWN HERE TO OBSERVE THE MOONLIGHT! HERE'S WHERE I GIVE MY FISTS SOME TARGET PRACTISE!
PARDON ME, BUD! IS THIS WHERE I GET THE SUBWAY TO BROOKLYN?
HUH?
PETE, OL' PAL, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!
SPEAKING OF SORE EYES, THAT'S WHAT THIS LUG'S GOING TO HAVE!
CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE GUIDES THIS COUNTRY PROVIDES FOR TOURISTS!
WHO ARE THESE CHARACTERS, NED?
LOCAL COMMIE HATCHETMEN! I WAS SLATED TO BE PURGED BECAUSE THEY FOUND OUT I GOT A LEAD TO THE KIND OF "INCIDENT" THEY'RE GOING TO STAGE!
SUDDENLY I HEARD THE REVVING OF A CAR'S MOTOR... AND THEN A SHOT!
NED! NED!
BLAM!
3



THEN I DUG INTO PETE'S POCKET AND PULLED OUT WHAT HE CALLED A "WOODEN TELE-GRAM"!

THE FANATICAL REDS WOULDN'T TALK, SO LATER I WENT AND TOLD WHAT I KNEW TO THE COUNTRY'S TOP MAN!

LATER IN MY HOTEL ROOM I TESTED NED'S BLOCK OF WOOD FOR SECRET WRITING...

IT WAS WORTH A TRY, SO I HAD THE WOOD LOOKED OVER BY THE LOCAL AGRICULTURAL OFFICE...

THIS IS UNSEASONED TEAK WOOD! UNDOUBTEDLY COMES FROM THE KARABI SAWMILL! MR. KARABI OWNS THE LARGEST TEAK TIMBERLAND IN OUR COUNTRY!

HMM! MR. KARABI MUST BE WORTH MILLIONS!

JUST WHAT KIND OF A GUY IS KARABI?

A GENEROUS EMPLOYER AND LOYAL MAN RESPECTED BY EVERYONE! MR. KARABI HAS CONTRIBUTED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO FIGHTING COMMUNISM!

SOMETIME LATER I RENTED A HORSE AND HEADED FOR KARABI'S TIMBERLAND!

A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE LIKE KARABI DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A COMMIE LOVER, BUT NED'S WOOD CLUE IS THE ONLY LEAD I'VE GOT!

THE TIMBER CAMP WAS A CRAZY MIXTURE OF OLD EASTERN AND MODERN WESTERN LOGGING METHODS...

HI! WHO DO I SEE ABOUT A JOB?

SPEAK MR. KARABI! HIM SIT THERE ON PORCH WITH WIFE!

KARABI WAS OBVIOUSLY OF THE MALAYAN RACE! AS FOR HIS WIFE, SHE WAS A WINNER IN ANY RACE!

I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB, MR. KARABI! MY NAME'S PETE TRASK!

SO...AN AMERICAN! A COUNTRYMAN OF YOURS, ONE NED GRAHAM, WAS IN MY EMPLOY, BUT HE WENT OFF AND NEVER RETURNED!

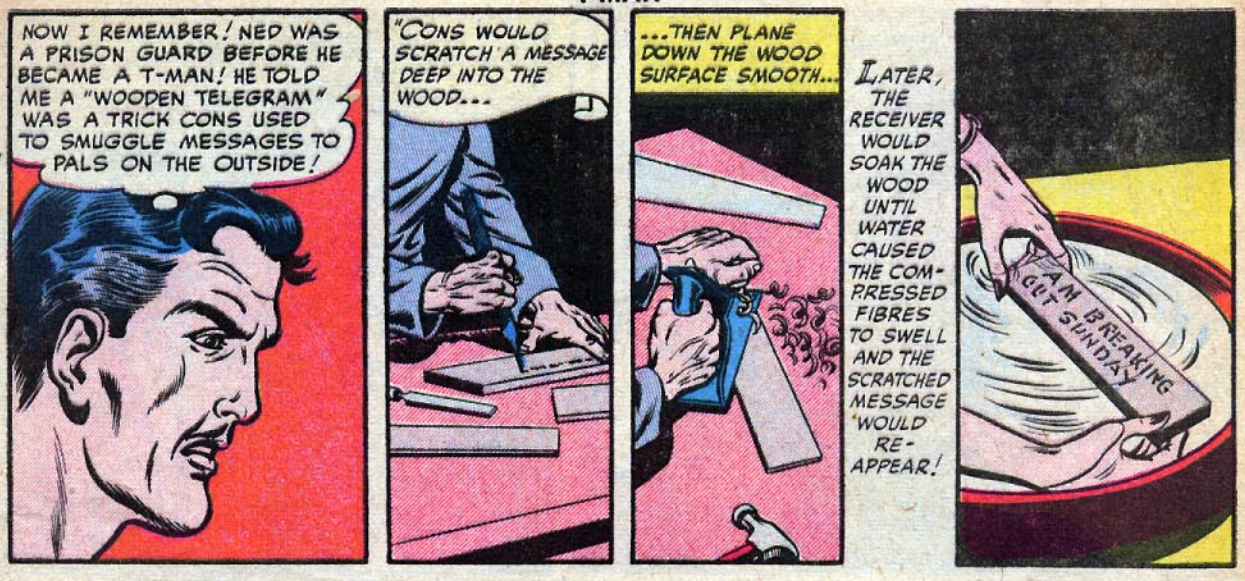
IF KARABI WAS WORKING WITH THE COMMIES HE WOULDN'T HAVE TOLD ME THAT! IF NED WAS HERE, I'M ON THE RIGHT TRAIL!

CHING...MY FOREMAN!

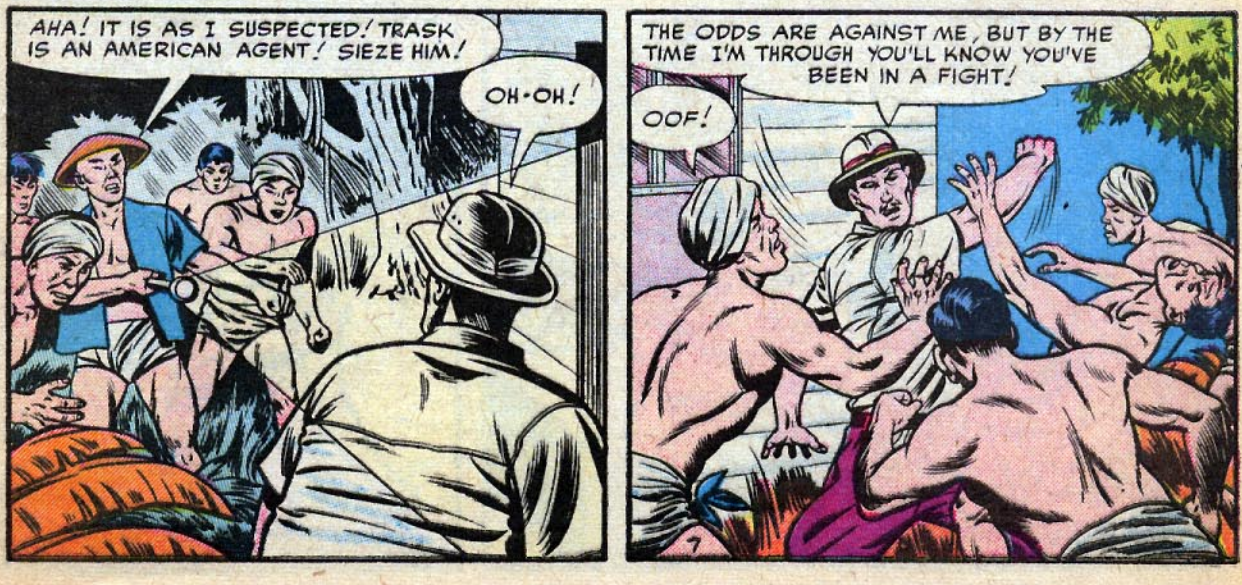
CHING! MR. TRASK WILL TAKE GRAHAM'S PLACE! SEE THAT HE LEARNS HIS DUTIES!

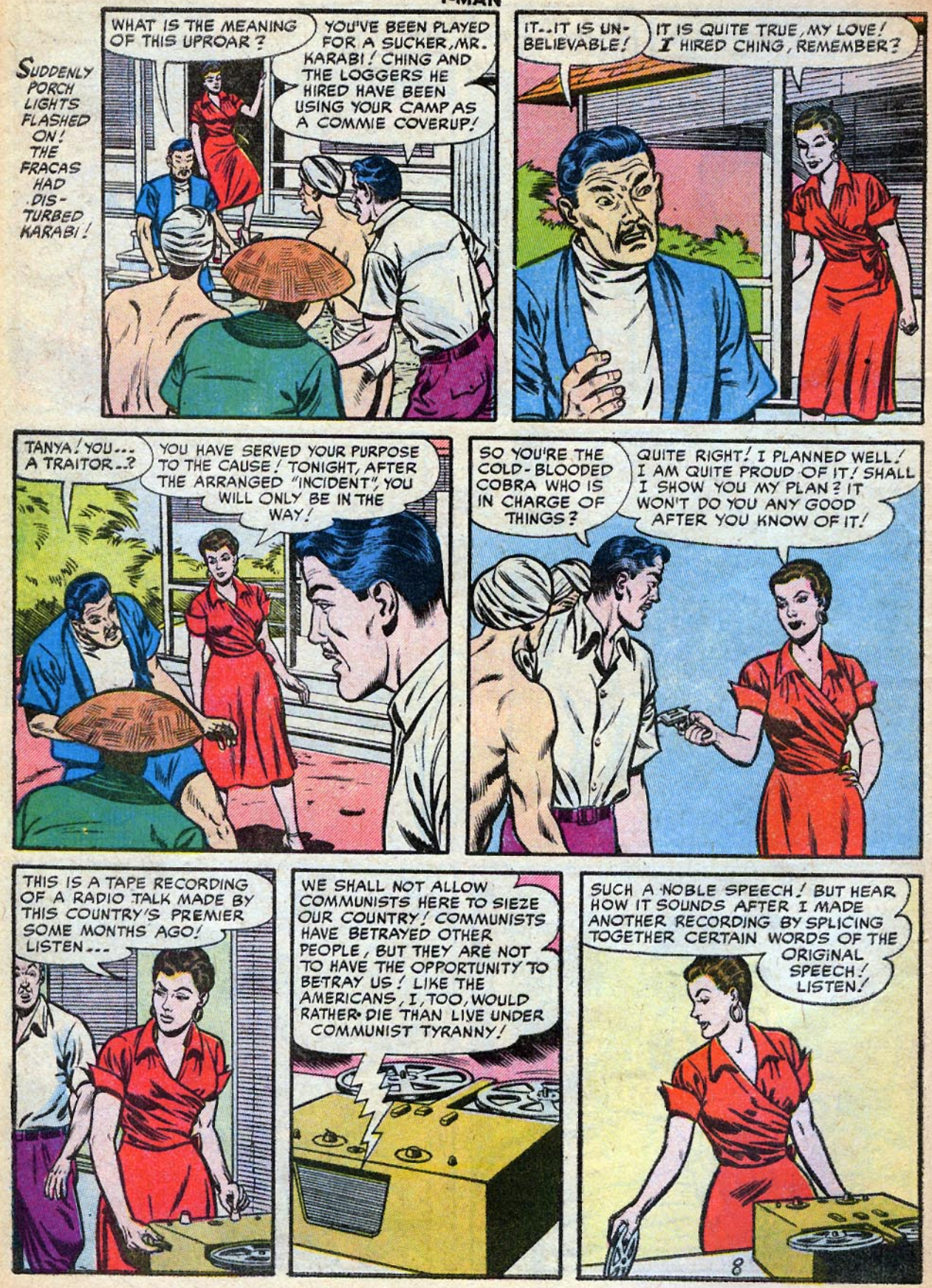
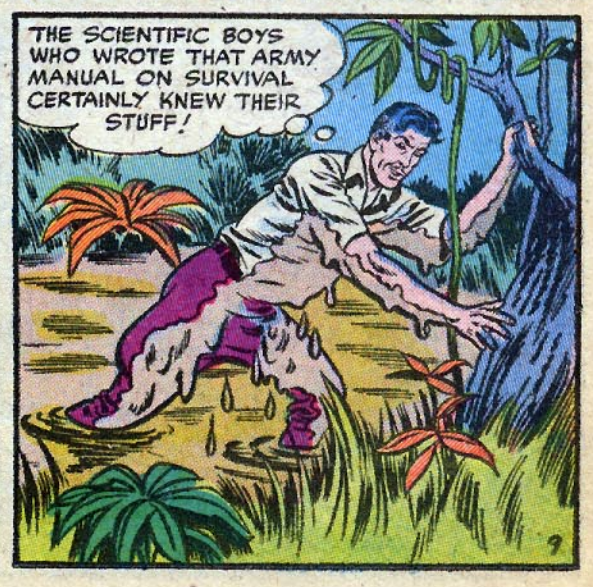
HE CAN START BY HELPING ME CLEAR THE LOG JAM!

So CHING GAVE ME SOME HOB-NAILED SHOES, A PEAVEY POLE AND STARTED TEACHING ME HOW TO HOOK THE LOGS PILED UP IN THE SLUICE CHUTE!
THIS IS NO WORK FOR A SOFTIE! MY ARMS FEEL LIKE BOILED NOODLES!
IN MY KIND OF BUSINESS, YOU DEVELOP AN INSTINCT ABOUT DEATH... EVEN WHEN IT'S COMING AT YOUR BACK!
WHAT TH...? CHING... LINING ME UP FOR HIS PEAVEY!
LOOKS LIKE I SHOULD'VE WORN A SUIT OF ARMOR, EH, CHING?
YOU'VE GOT A DIRTY LOOK ON YOUR FACE! LET'S WASH IT OFF!
YOU...
NOW THAT YOU'RE TAME WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A TALK!
IT--IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! MY PEAVEY WAS THRUST FORWARD WHEN I SLIPPED ON THE WET LOG!
ONE MORE SLIP LIKE THAT AND I'LL SLIP YOU ANOTHER SHOT TO THE JAW!
I WENT INTO A SHACK AND STARTED TO CHANGE FROM MY WET CLOTHING!
CHING'S WISE TO ME! TEN-TO-ONE HE'S THE GUY WHO BETRAYED NED FOR THE SHOOTING! I... HEY! THE WOOD NED GAVE ME! IT GOT WATER SOAKED AND NOW LOOK AT IT!


NOW I REMEMBER! NED WAS A PRISON GUARD BEFORE HE BECAME A T-MAN! HE TOLD ME A "WOODEN TELEGRAM" WAS A TRICK CONS USED TO SMUGGLE MESSAGES TO PALS ON THE OUTSIDE!
"CONS WOULD SCRATCH A MESSAGE DEEP INTO THE WOOD...
...THEN PLANE DOWN THE WOOD SURFACE SMOOTH...
LATER, THE RECEIVER WOULD SOAK THE WOOD UNTIL WATER CAUSED THE COMPRESSED FIBRES TO SWELL AND THE SCRATCHED MESSAGE WOULD REAPPEAR!
I AM BREAKING OUT SUNDAY

NED USED THE SAME TRICK TO HIDE HIS INFORMATION IN CASE HE WAS CAUGHT! LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS... "CHING IS RED BIGGIE! CAMP WORKERS ALL REDS HE HIRED! REBEL GUNS HIDDEN IN TOOL SHED!"
THAT NIGHT I INCHED TO THE TOOL SHED AND SAW THE EVIDENCE MYSELF!
GUNS FOR THE REVOLUTION! AND THE LOGGERS HERE ARE THE NUCLEUS OF THE REBEL ARMY!


AHA! IT IS AS I SUSPECTED! TRASK IS AN AMERICAN AGENT! SIEZE HIM!
OH-OH!
THE ODDS ARE AGAINST ME, BUT BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH YOU'LL KNOW YOU'VE BEEN IN A FIGHT!
OOF!


SUDDENLY PORCH LIGHTS FLASHED ON! THE FRACAS HAD DISTURBED KARABI!
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS UPROAR?
YOU'VE BEEN PLAYED FOR A SUCKER, MR. KARABI! CHING AND THE LOGGERS HE HIRED HAVE BEEN USING YOUR CAMP AS A COMMIE COVERUP!
IT...IT IS UNBELIEVABLE!
IT IS QUITE TRUE, MY LOVE! I HIRED CHING, REMEMBER?
TANYA! YOU... A TRAITOR...?
YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE TO THE CAUSE! TONIGHT, AFTER THE ARRANGED "INCIDENT", YOU WILL ONLY BE IN THE WAY!
SO YOU'RE THE COLD-BLOODED COBRA WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THINGS?
QUITE RIGHT! I PLANNED WELL! I AM QUITE PROUD OF IT! SHALL I SHOW YOU MY PLAN? IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD AFTER YOU KNOW OF IT!
THIS IS A TAPE RECORDING OF A RADIO TALK MADE BY THIS COUNTRY'S PREMIER SOME MONTHS AGO! LISTEN...
WE SHALL NOT ALLOW COMMUNISTS HERE TO SIEZE OUR COUNTRY! COMMUNISTS HAVE BETRAYED OTHER PEOPLE, BUT THEY ARE NOT TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO BETRAY US! LIKE THE AMERICANS, I, TOO, WOULD RATHER DIE THAN LIVE UNDER COMMUNIST TYRANNY!
SUCH A NOBLE SPEECH! BUT HEAR HOW IT SOUNDS AFTER I MADE ANOTHER RECORDING BY SPLICING TOGETHER CERTAIN WORDS OF THE ORIGINAL SPEECH! LISTEN!

I STARTED COMING TO JUST AS I FELT MYSELF FLUNG INTO A PATCH OF QUICK-SAND...